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4 Churchmen alike, at the locality they resided
in the Saxon church. They were hardly settled in
Yorkshire, a few years in England, before an era
vigorous church building began. The results
which are yet to be seen in the churches, with various
styles of families dog tooth moulding, scattered
throughout the remotest moorland dales of the
country: not always dog tooth or other moulding,
however. In the Norman Church architecture
of Yorkshire is plain, sometimes (as at Northcliffe
in Wharfedale, for instance,) almost rude, except
need were pressing, other were not time to linger
over details of beauty. Of the twenty four small
churches still existing in York, at least half
dozens contain fragments of the original Norman
churches not which they have grown: it is impossible
to say in how many other traces have been obliterated
or how many of the twenty lost churches were
purely Norman.

The united Minister, of course demanded immediate
attention, & Thomas of Bayeux, the first Norman
Archbishop (ca 1068), after trying in vain to repair
the ~~existing~~ Saxon church, built a new one on the
foundations. Not part of the Saxon structure remains
unless it be a wall in the crypt under the choir. Thence
forward for a period of four centuries (1068 - 1470)
York Minister was abuilding, with the only one intended
so long as fifty years in the great work in their
generation by generations chronicled the particular
religious phase through which it was passing in the
character of its architecture. It has held even developed
English architecture from Saxon to late Perpendicular.
The result is a ^{colossal} building hardly to be matched for dignity
& grandeur, the glory of Yorkshire, & indeed of England.

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The enumeration of its beauties would fill a volume
~~some of the most magnificent~~ its magnificent windows
fine places, fine architectural efforts. The
Cave of space & vastness you get within, emblematic
parchment big enough to hold all nations in its bosom,
its monuments, its organs.

York contains another evidence of the religious
ferious which characterized the Norman & post-Norman
age: it was not until the twelfth century that
the great religious houses for which Yorkshire
became famous, began to rise in every dell:
but there were swallows to foretell the summer, &
of these St. Mary's Abbey, York, a Benedictine House,
which became the richest in the country. It appears
to have originated with three Benedictine monks,
who in 1074 set out from the south on pilgrimage
to the holy places mentioned in the history of Bede.
There are few remains of the monastic buildings, but
the Abbey Church is a fine and interesting ruin.
The Roman remains found in York & its
neighbourhood are preserved in the ancient
hospitality of the monks: the surrounding ground
is laid out as gardens, the whole being in the
possession of the York Phil. Society. Besides the
Roman Mullangetes tower, of which we have spoken,
there is within this enclosure the remains of St.
Leonard's hospital, an ancient foundation
dating back to the time of Athelstan, but rebuilt
by Clarendon.

The history of York is essentially that of England
but it only remains to notice events intimately
associated with existing buildings. Of these hardly
few are keener tales than that connected with
Clifford's Tower. The present Castle of York, the County Jail,
is a quite modern building, preserving only Clifford's
Tower. The keep of the ancient fortress was in this
the original keep built by the conqueror, but is part

an Edwardian goddess occupying the same site.
~~Edward~~ ^{Alfred} ~~knows~~ how our attacks on the Jews
began at the Coronation of Richard I. partly
through misapprehension of the King's wishes,
spread through the provinces. The Jews of York
were a rich community, living like princes in
their own quarters - the Gubbergate of the present day.
The news of the outbreak against the Jews was hailed
with joy by all who were in their debt, - an attack
was made upon the house of the wealthy Jew of
York in which his wife & children were killed. Warned
by this, five hundred of the remaining Jews took
refuge in the castle, carrying their money bags
with them: then they stood a siege of several days, without
provisions without arms: their case was hopeless.
No alternatives before them were, to fall into the hands
of the Christians, or to die by their own hands: they chose
the latter: "Let us then, like men, choose death. - a
free surrender of life to him that gives it". Said
our old Rabbi, ^{being let free to the castle,} ~~eminent amongst them for his~~
great for the last. ^{One year after another, in spirit of}
the great family affection which marks them as a
people, killed his wife & his children, then took
his own life. When all was over, the few of less
heroic courage appeared upon the walls, told the tale.
I dropped down some of the dead bodies to prove it. They
said, "not long for baptism & for the gift of the Spirit of
Christ": but, alas their great ^{was} ~~prayer~~ the act of their
braver brethren - they were hatched to death by the
pitiless crowd. Some attempts were made to
inflict punishment for this outrage, but the fault
was too general to be easily brought home. The
warden still shows the marks of fire upon the walls,
but the conflagration which caused them ^{was} ~~is~~
long past: this, however, all belong to the past, and to
the redemption keep still in existence.

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The walls & Bars. (The streets are gates here, & the gates, bars) which belonged to the most part of the reign of Edward III., have played their part in the history of York. The walls suffered greatly during the siege of York in 1644, at the hands of the Parliamentarians; but they have been restored upon a pleasant walk, nearly three miles long, from which you get picturesque views of the city. - The Bar & the two, barge, bridges, red roofs among trees, old churches, & crowning all the glorious Minster. The Clifford Tower, in fact, seen from the walls. Of the picturesque gates, none is so interesting as Micklegate Bar, from which York did overlook the town of York; & where, presently, Edward IV. struck three noble Lancastrian heads in revenge for the dishonour done to his father. Here too, was struck the head of the last - Welsh Prince, & the head of one of the leaders in the '45' was exposed on Micklegate Bar. The Bars of York have witnessed many royal processions, for the Plantagenet King, & their successors, appear to have been constantly at their northern capital. Edward III. married Philippe of Hainault here, & later David of Scotland was brought to the green after the battle of Neville's Cross. William the son of Scotland did homage here to Henry II. During the Wars of the Roses, Henry VI. & Margaret, & Edward IV. were constantly here. York played an actual part in the Pilgrimage of Grace & in the Rising of the North, & again, during the Civil War, the King's Councils were held frequently at York, & the city sustained a siege from the Parliamentarians which was raised on the arrival of Prince Rupert. Soon followed the battle of Marston Moor, after which the defeated Royalists were not only expelled from the city, (1644).

A city so illustrious for historic names requires no other illustration, but it is worth while to mention that

Cleveland the sculptor, & they the painters were natives of York.
The York of today is a fairly thriving city, but its interest for the visitor
lies in its ancient past; & such evidence of that past as
remains - the maze of its narrow streets, its picturesque groupings
of occasional old houses with timbered frames & overhanging eaves
& in the historic buildings we have noticed, that York is no longer,
by any means, the second capital of England.

About eight miles from York is the battle-field of Marston
Moor. The Moor, a good deal enclosed now, was then open
ground, under sky, rising into a hill called Clump Hill
where there is still a clump of pines: this hill was occupied
by the Parliamentarians who charged down upon the
Royalists: the battle lasted only from 7 till 9 a.m. July
evening, but, at its close, the royal cause had received its
death blow. (1644).

Down from the Moor is Selby, seated in the midst of a
richly fertile level. it is a pleasant trading town, the one
being broad enough here to carry vessels of considerable
tonnage. Its Abbey, one of the late united abbeys of the North,
St. Mary of York being the other - is the scene of the
ancient celebrity of the town. There are few remains of
the conventual buildings, but the beautiful Abbey Church
is the most perfect monastic church still existing in
Yorkshire.

Cleveland is, as we have seen, a region of green & mountain
intersected by lovely flower-dales. Perhaps the most picturesque
scenery is in the valleys of the Ebb & Ouse tributaries - Ebbon Valley,
Glais-dale, Goathland Dale: though Rosedale & Harrogate
on the other side of Ebbon high Moor, & in the valley of the Don
contest the palm. But we have already described the landscape
of this beautiful region, it remains to notice now two of
the towns.

Pop.
33,000

Middlesbrough, at the mouth of the Tees, is like
one of the mushroom cities of the Western States: half a century
ago, it was not; today, it is a town of 33,000 inhabitants.

It was, so to speak, made by half a dozen. Quaker gentlemen,
"the Owners" of whom Mr. Pease of Darlington was one. In the
year 1829 they bought up the strip of land on the right
bank of the Tees, on which they town now stands. First
they made it a coaling station; then, they introduced
the iron manufactures, chiefly so the latter industry
established when "the Owners" discovered that the Cleveland
hills behind the town burned with iron, that, in fact, they
were in the midst of an iron-girdling district covering

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20 sq. miles. Black Granite - Spring up to the mountains,
of 100, some of them the largest in the world. A guide
recently, the manufacture of steel by the Bessemer
Process has been added to that of iron. Of course
Middlesbrough has its Banks, its exchange, libraries, &
other institutions of a thriving town. Guisborough, in
the centre of the mining district, the head quarters of the
miners, is interesting chiefly as having the remains of
an important Augustinian Priory.

The noble coast of the North Riding is hardly to be matched
West of Devonshire, & is the more attractive, because the
watering places command the dunes of Cleveland.

From Whitby, especially, you are within easy reach of the "romantic"
Glens which open out of Ryedale. Whitby is, truly, a delightful
watering place, & the Whitby Rocks are full of interest & beauty,
holding their own in spite of the invasion of summer visitors.
These congregate, for the most part, in the handsome & modern
other modern houses on the West Cliff; but in the
quaint, picturesque old town below, the fisher ladies
display the "humours of Whitby" from ready.
Looming behind the old town, on the further side of the bay,
is St. Mary's Hill, the high steep cliff crowned by the
picturesque & lonely ruins of St. Mary's Abbey. No part of
the ruins belongs to an earlier date than the 12th century;
but here is the site of the famous Monastery, where
"A Saxon Runic once did dwell."

"A lovely Whetted?"

where the Abbess Kilda ruled as Sovereign Lady over
monks & nuns & with estate, & fostered God more & others
poet, who sang words, inspiration that song of the
"Creation" which has lived until these days
we know, God -

"- how of thousands snakes each one
has changed into a coil of stone

When holy Kilda prayed;" -

That they are still, embedded in the sea cliffs, known
however, to modern sailors as ammonites. Whitby
affords scenes of extraordinary
animation & interest - as when cobles & crabs
come in laden with a haul of herrings, & the bus on
fisher-wives & maids bear away the glistening cargo.
Or, again, when the bridge over the rock is raised to allow the
passage of a vessel, the scene reminds you of some such
sudden stoppage of traffic in Rotterdam. The jet wharf
makes a show in the numerous jet wharfs, but it is
upon its trade & fisheries that the town mainly depends.

Scarborough is the Brighton of the North, with its great hotels, fine
 64 houses, promenades & fashionable crowds - the old town, which
 is otherwise uninteresting, crowns about the bay, while the new
 town displays handsome rows of lodgings & houses on the high
 South & North Cliffs. Scarborough has its Spa, & on various
 fine occasions to the Spa Pavilion & its gardens - a charming
 resort. The ruins of Scarborough castle, at a point of the North
 cliff where it breaks off sheer to the sea, keep in mind the
 historic interest of the old town, for it is an old town, ^{and}
 holds a prominent & noteworthy position. There was already
 a town here for Harold Godwinson to set him to begin the
 English Harold met him at Stamford Bridge. The castle
 appears to have been built in the reign of Stephen: here
 it was that Thomas earl of Lancaster, captured Gauston
 (1312): it endured a six months siege at the hands
 of the Parliamentarians (1645); when Lady Cholmondeley,
 the wife of the governor, behaved like a heroine. The garrison
 surrendered with the honours of war, but the fortress was
 ruined. Sileby, with its fine green sands & beautiful bay, having
 the curious low tongue of Gileby Bay on the one hand
 & the magnificent chalk promontory of Scarborough
 Head on the other, is a quiet & attractive watering place.

The East-Riding.

Of the eastern bare chalk country of the Wolds, the coastlands
 of Holderness, & the constantly retreating coast, we have
 already spoken, so it remains only to notice a few
 places of particular interest.
 Scarborough Head, with its light-house, caves, sea-birds
 & isolated rocks, terminates the chalk on this coast;
 immediately under it, within a walk, is Sandhoe, with
 its good sands. Further to the south, the coast
 trends inward, & the map shows such records as
 "Her church Auburn, which was wathed away by the sea."
 "Karlburn washed away." "Kylt washed away."
 Hornsea & Withernsea are the low lying wetting places
 of Holderness. Amongst the inland points of interest
 inland are, Redstone on the Wolds, there is an extraordinary
 upright clay, of the same character as the Venturers of
 Carnac, some 20 feet high - a British "remains" doubtless.
 near it are the traces of (probably), British camps, &
 collection of the round pits or holes which are supposed to
 be the foundations of the British village.

near

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near the country-town of Market-Weighton, which has an important
cheap market, is Goodramsbury, an ancient Godramsburyham,
there stood the temple of the gods which long undertook to prepare
on that occasion when the chiefs of Britain of Northumbria were
met at the king's will - probably close at hand - to consider the
lecturing of Paulinus; when king & nobles decided to embrace
the peace faith of the White Christ.

East Howard, four or five miles to the north-west of Malton
though a comparatively modern place is remarkable both for
its magnificence & for the valuable collection of pictures
& other art-treasures it contains. Malton is an interesting
site; a Roman station in the first place; later a walled
Norman town with a castle, which has disappeared & at the
present day, the town makes for a wide agricultural
district.

1537
Beverley, a quiet, pleasant market-town, contains one of
the famous churches of the Middle Ages. St. John of Beverley
appears to have been born in York (Bury Burton), where
he was brought up in part, by St. Hild at Whitby, & then, after
a period of hermit life on the banks of the Tyne where
he became, first, Bishop of Hexham, & then, Archbishop of York;
while at York he founded a monastery at Beverley, to which
he retired, when he died. After many reputed miracles which
were recorded. He died in 721. Altho' he was amongst
the earliest benefactors to the holy shrine: in actual fact
most successes achieved in Scotland he founded
or re-founded here a college of secular canons, & added
largely to the lands of the foundation. Later he gave
himself to the service of Edward, Henry I., & Henry V., paying their
ransoms & other expenses. The Minster is an
exceedingly beautiful church, Early English, in the
most perfect condition, having undergone
two thorough restorations - one in the reign of George I. &
a later, very successful restoration, at the hands of
Sir Gilbert Scott. Beverley is unusually rich in
fine churches. St. Mary's Church is amongst the most
the same pattern and endowed with such a minister. (end)

At the port of Gdynia, etc. But port in the kingdom is the
best place we can notice. It is not built, exactly speaking, on
King's town (Kingston) upon-hull; being on the English
town founded by Edward, upon the same place as the
numerous 'peel towns' he procured to be built in his
French provinces - that is, a single long street crossed at
right angles by numerous short-streets, with an open
market place. The town is built at the confluence of the
hull with the humbers, a site selected by it royal founder
on account of its manifest advantages for a trading
port. The harbor of Gdynia, or hull, was chiefly increased
here by the important sea-port, Edward was himself
the founder. The limits of the original Kingston are
included in the island formed by the river hull and
Holes ditches. The hull itself forms a natural dock, & breaks
this there as six commodious docks, added one after the
other as the trade of the town port increased. Hull is the
natural port for the trade of the Baltic & of the North Sea. Perhaps
its most important imports are, an enormous quantity
of iron from the Baltic ports, timber also from the Baltic
also from Sweden & oak from Germany, cheese, butter
wheels from Russia; whilst it is the an important
outlet for the manufactures of the northern & midland
counties. Its fisheries in the northern seas are very im-
portant, though hull no longer boasts of its whalers. The
'Trinity' house of hull is an exceedingly important factor in
learning itself, providently with the affairs of the manors of
hull, & charged with the navigation of the humbers with lighting
of the Gdynia coast. During the civil war, hull was the
first town to shut its gates in the face of the king, & later the
royal force under Newcastle came down upon it for six
weeks, with no result beyond the impoverishment of the town.
Amongst the eminent sons of hull, both commissioners
here by statute, are Andrew Marvell the poet & William
Belsham, who was born in a house still shown in high street.